

THE WAR IN VIRGINIA.

BATTLE WEEK.

VERY LATEST FROM THE FIELD.

REPORTS OF OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

THE GREAT FIGHT OF FRIDAY.

BULL RUN REGAINED.

THE STRUGGLE OF SATURDAY.

SIGEL THE HERO OF THE DAY.

Rebels Re-enforced on Friday by Longstreet.

Lee's Forces Arrive on Saturday.

THE RENEWAL OF THE CONFLICT.

Pope Retires Unmolested after a Two Hours' Fight.

HIS FORCE IN STRENGTH AT CENTREVILLE.

60,000 Re-enforcements Gone to Him.

His Probable Advance on the Enemy.

From Our Special Correspondent.

CENTREVILLE, VA., Sat. m. Sunday, Aug. 31, 1862.

The battles of yesterday and the day before on the already classic ground of Bull Run will rank with Napoleon's bloodiest. And more than one General fought in them to whom, at this hour, he would have given a Marshal's baton, while he would have made proud a hundred privates with the ribbon of the Legion of Honor.

Let me first detail the movements by which the two days' struggle was brought on.

While at Warrenton early on Wednesday, I learned that Jackson was in our rear, and that we should once more try to trap him. Sigel and McDowell marched that morning up the turnpike from Warrenton toward Centreville, where the enemy was supposed to be. This road passes through Bull Run battle-field, five miles west of Centreville. Hooker, Porter, and Reno moved from our left (now, as we faced about toward Washington, becomes our right) toward the same point, via Manassas Junction. Sigel, in advance of McDowell, reached Gainesville, four miles from the Bull Run field, that night, and came upon the enemy's cavalry and stragglers. Resting a few hours, by 3 o'clock he was moving. The enemy did not appear in front, and leaving McDowell to take care of that road, Sigel turned to the right to connect with Hooker at Manassas Junction. Hooker had fought near there on Wednesday (of which I will speak in a moment), and it was possible he needed help.

When within two miles of the Junction, Sigel learned that the enemy was on the Warrenton road, and turning short to the left, he marched to the south side of the Bull Run field. It was then 6 p. m. McDowell, who, as before stated, had remained on that road between the enemy and Warrenton, had been throwing shells some hours, and now we could hear musketry. Gaining the heights where Hunter fought a year ago, and approaching the turnpike, we could locate the scene of the engagement by the line of musketry flashes. It was Kim's Division repelling the enemy in his attempt to escape toward Warrenton. The affair lasted two hours, and King held the field. We had come upon the enemy's left flank. Schenck's Division became partially engaged, gave the enemy's cavalry a few shells, then the whole corps rested for the night. At the very time King was fighting on the Warrenton road, Ricketts was engaged fighting Rebel re-enforcements coming up through Thoroughfare Gap, five miles further west. He was compelled, having suffered a loss of 250, to withdraw and join King, after the latter had finished his day's work. Reynolds's Division (Pa. Reserve), then temporarily with McDowell's corps, was in the same vicinity.

The situation then, Friday morning, was this: Sigel's corps (Divisions of Schurz, Milroy, Steinwehr, and Schenck) on the Bull Run field, facing to the west, was close against the enemy. McDowell's corps nearly connected with Sigel on the latter's left, but was not within fighting distance of the enemy. Heintzelman's corps (Divisions of Hooker and Kearney, and Reno's corps) were at Centreville, moving down the turnpike, which would lead them upon Sigel's right. Porter was far back—seven or eight miles—in Sigel's rear. These corps—Sigel's, Reno's, Heintzelman's, McDowell's, and Porter—were all that were engaged at any time during the two days, Friday and Saturday. They came upon the field in the order I have named them.

Fortunately I had been with Sigel during his two days' march to find the enemy, and was with him now that it fell to him to open the main struggle. His corps had held the advance under heavy artillery fire on the Rapidan river the four previous days, had now marched two days, a part of the time in line of battle, and taking but four hours' rest moved into a battle—not a skirmish, not an affair, not an action, but an engagement, but a great battle, for such are the names given to fights in the order of their magnitude.

Long before daylight Sigel had visited every position of his line, had seen to the placing of every battery, and with the daylight his artillery sounded. The "Jesse Scouts" (transferred by Fremont to Sigel) reported the enemy as massed in and beyond a stretch of woods a mile long, west of and running nearly parallel with the road. Their line, however, extended on their right to the road, where they had given on commanding heights on their left to Bull Run bridge, with a battery or two across upon the north side. Sigel's line was opposite, on the south side of the road.

The first hour it was all artillery. Sigel was advancing battery after battery to this and that eminence, supporting each with a brigade, bearing the reports of scouts, sending cavalry now far to the right, now far to the left, gradually advancing his divisions in cover of hills upon which he had placed guns—in a word, feeling for the enemy, rapidly advancing, but cautiously, every step. The enemy declined to make any sign—but not long. His artillery was compelled to answer ours, and, pressing on, we encountered his infantry. There was a light battle, then a roar of musketry. Milroy, in the advance, had come square upon Rebels in mass. Our

line of battle was formed, Schurz having the right, Schenck the left, Milroy the advance center, Steinwehr the reserve center.

Just at this opening of the battle I saw, from the hill from which Schurz was going into action, a column bearing down upon our right, and at first supposed them to be Rebels. Unaccountably, they carried high over their heads sundry white flags, and appeared to march sturdily, and it was soon seen they were unarmored.

They proved to be 634 prisoners taken by Jackson when he appeared at Manassas three days before, now released on parole. The enemy could not feed them, and would themselves starve unless re-enforcements should push to them with supplies.

A little after Milroy, Schurz became engaged. They drove the enemy a mile or more, and rested from outright fatigue. During this time Schenck had been engaged on the left, but not heavily. Tough old Heintzelman arrived at this juncture from Centreville with his whole corps. Schurz was withdrawn for Kearney and Hooker to take his place. Reno arrived soon after from the same direction. Stevens's division of his corps marched to the left to support Schenck, and the attack was once more along the whole line. I should have stated that some time before the cessation, Milroy, after two hours of musketry in tornadoes, was driven back, much cut to pieces, and replaced by Steinwehr, who was assisted by Schenck at his left.

It was now 1 o'clock. Sigel's corps only had been engaged, and we had on the whole gained ground—at the right nearly a mile. It was reasonable to suppose that with the assistance of Reno and Heintzelman, and most of the day before us, we should utterly demolish the enemy. It has since appeared that since then with our re-enforcements he received larger ones. Longstreet's whole command, whose passage through Thoroughfare Gap Ricketts had disputed the day before, had now joined Jackson and Ewell, whom we had been fighting hitherto. Longstreet would naturally join Jackson at his right; it was upon our left and occasionally our center that we were most severely pressed the remainder of the day.

Up to this time, Sigel had command of the field. He had made the dispositions before the fight, and conducted it successfully six hours. Pope arrived from Centreville about noon and assumed command, but wisely and generously deferred to Sigel the rest of the day, as being best acquainted with the position.

At 2 o'clock the fight was raging along the whole line terrifically, musketry like Guinea's Mill, and artillery like Malvern Hills. There was not ten minutes' cessation at any one time for the next three hours. We advanced not a step; we retired not a step. The engineers of war, men, guns, and "villainous explosives," seemed equal, each side to the other. At 5 o'clock Schenck was ordered back to the left, and the artillery of that wing fell back to the next eminence.

During the three hours, scarcely a regiment of the three corps on the field that had not been into the thickest. Promptly and skillfully, as a command would become exhausted, it would be replaced by another, but only for a brief rest, then to up and at it. These splendid "passages of lines," as such movements are technically called, seem to me a feature that ought not to pass uncommemorated. Guinea's Mill would have been a victory had such movements been made promptly and orderly.

The withdrawal of the left was not a giving up of the battle. Troops were rushed to the right, and a redoubled effort made there. Again the enemy was forced back. His left was swept upon his center—we took him "endways" in flank. While the infantry fought, our artillery, eleven batteries in line, played stunningly, each gun pointed well to the left, that no unlucky shell might harm a friend.

We could move the Rebels no further than their center. Musketry in rolls, in crashes, sounded out of the spot of woods where our advance was stayed; how tentatively the enemy held their ground I cannot now adequately express. How Schurz fought—ask any eye-witness of the conduct of his men, led by the orator fighter.

It was 6 o'clock. The enemy not only held his center, but advanced upon our left. It was critical. Fortunately, McDowell's corps appeared coming to our relief. Two brigades (Hatch's and Doubleday's) immediately met the enemy's advance upon our left, and although suffering terribly, stayed him until dark.

The day's work was ended. We held more ground than in the morning, but not so much as at noon.

Working in my fence-corner sleeping apartment at daylight Saturday morning, I strolled to the summit of the hill to ascertain the position of affairs. Everything indicated a renewal of the battle. Already columns were marching in every direction, men at the left being brought to the right, and vice versa, being brought from front to rear and from rear to front, Generals with staffs and body guards riding over the field, each, of course, with a purpose; but to an eye-witness seeming, with the other movements, like "confusion worse confounded." Every few minutes a shell from our battery furthest to the left, replied to us often guns whose smoke clouded in the far western horizon, made me question whether the enemy had not retreated. While my horse was eating my hay I had speech with several Major-Generals' staff officers, and they participated in the fear that the enemy had sprung from under our finger.

The day was away until noon, with a continuance of desultory shelling ("bumm," the uttermost prisoners call it), Gen. Pope on horse the whole time, giving orders, rapid and imperative, each carried instantly by a galloping aid, receiving reports from all parts of the field, and never detaining the messenger long for his reply, from each eminence sweeping the position with his glass—he was evidently ascertaining the position of the enemy, and determined to fight if he stood or if he ran.

The division commanders were seeing that their men were provided with rations, made a difficult matter by the forced cross-marchings of the week which prevented quartermasters from knowing where to conduct trains. For once red tape was summarily cut, and rations issued to every unprovided regiment from whatever stores were at hand. I heard Sigel exclaim that crackers were "worth as much as muskets."

Porter's corps had arrived on the ground at 9 o'clock from Manassas, making five corps ready for action. The number of men comprised in this I should estimate at 60,000. Hooker's division had but 2,441 men in the ranks, so terribly had it shrunk by battle and disease.

In the order of battle for the day Heintzelman commanded the right, Porter center, McDowell the left, and Sigel, whose corps had borne the brunt the day before, the reserve. At 10 Heintzelman advanced skirmishers into the wood on the right, the battle-field of the day before, and found it only held by a few troublesome bushwhackers. Driving them back, large numbers of wounded were got off, and passed to the rear.

I rode in with these skirmishers as far as I deemed prudent. At any rate I got upon ground where the corps attacked the fighting of the day before. First I came upon bodies in blue. These were our fallen. Then there were those in blue mingled with others in gray and nondescript. That ground had been fought over. A little further they were all blue and nondescript.

And there the bodies were thickest. Upon ground that I judged to be not over half an acre, I counted 79 bodies, dead and wounded. Advancing further still, I saw a Union soldier seized, not ten rods from me, and carried off by bushwhackers. I retired (in good order) satisfied that the enemy's loss exceeded our own. At 2 o'clock, by the movements of troops from right to left, I inferred that the positions of the enemy had been found in that direction. By this time our line was different from that of the day before. Our right was further advanced, our left withdrawn, so that we fronted almost to the South. At Bull Run, a year ago, we faced exactly South.

At 3 o'clock Gen. Stevens attacked at the right, and soon after Gen. Butterfield at the left. The enemy's shells seemed equally distributed along the whole line, and at each point of attack he met us with musketry.

I was at Gen. Sigel's headquarters. That General was certain the enemy intended to turn one or the other of our flanks, and said we must ascertain which, or the result was at the best doubtful; for his scouts had just reported that Lee, with the entire remainder of the Rebel army, had come up and assumed command. The scouts were correct. On Saturday we fought the whole Rebel army.

Posting myself in the center, within view of both portions of the field where infantry were engaged, I could not determine which had the best of it. Evidently but few troops were engaged, and I surmised that we were fighting merely to learn where lay the enemy's main force. At length our force at the right was driven back, and I thought Gen. Pope had been outgeneraled when he moved men at an earlier part of the day from right to left.

A quarter of an hour later, I wished he had moved a still greater proportion to the left. I have heard the musketry of the best contested battle fought in Virginia, and I say unhesitatingly that the fire which broke out at the left and up to the center, was by far the heaviest of any. Talk of volleys, and rolls, and crashes! It was all these continually accumulating, piling upon each other in mighty swelling volume—the wretches of rushing tornadoes, such as chaos may have known. From my position it seemed that artillery played from each of the cardinal points upon the devoted center where I knew men were struggling. I could not see them struggling. The smoke of gunpowder prevented that, but I knew they were there, and I trembled for the result. A few minutes later Schurz, who was in reserve, was ordered to the left. Before he could get fairly into position, McDowell and Porter were irrevocably broken. Their soldiers fought like brave men; if moments be reckoned by their intensity, they fought long, as they surely did fight well. I doubt not they killed the ground with Rebel slain, as Hallock sings of Moslem slain by Bozair's band. I believe there cannot be a man who heard or participated in that awful tragedy, but counts the hour between 4 and 5 o'clock the severest fighting he ever knew. It was all at one point. Along the right half of the line the combatants seemed to doist in amazement at the struggle there. By half after 5, it was apparent that we were beaten—outflanked by a concentration upon the left. Wagons and stragglers about the hospitals sought the retreat, and soon trains of the former and streams of the latter could be seen making for the Bull Run bridges and fords. McDowell's and Porter's corps retired in comparative order. I use this term not as a mild, but false paraphrase for driven back, but because it covers the actual fact in the case.

I do not think there was a brigade that could not, as it came from the field, show its distinct regiments, or rather a nucleus of each regiment to whose standard or flag it had marched a mile it scattered men gathered. Still there were several thousands hurrying pell-mell in advance of them toward Centreville, crowding the stone bridge and wading the stream. A dozen long wagon trains centered there, but there was little confusion among them, no desertion of wagon, but simply a jam, where each desired and pushed to be first. They were thus cool, notwithstanding a few shell bursts among them. All this time the right was firm, and only at the calm discretion of its generals. Unaccountably to me at the time, so soon as we fell back from the left the musketry almost entirely ceased. We were pursued by shells only. It is probable that the enemy dared not advance lest Heintzelman and Sigel should fall upon his flank as he should pass by them. Sigel had not had his fight out, nor had Heintzelman, and the enemy was hardly in condition for another battle immediately. It is possible, also, that Banks's corps was nearing the field—he was known to be at Manassas early in the day—and they may have seen his advance and been afraid. It was all done in two hours. Another corps upon the field would have frustrated that rush of overpowering numbers upon one point. Those numbers were so overpowering that they succeeded before men could be moved against them from any other part of the field. Franklin lay at Centreville, Sumner at Arlington Heights. Why had they not been sent to Pope five days before, as they were ordered, and as he expected?

I forced Bull Run in the dusk of the evening and sat some time looking at the crossing of men and trains. While conversing with Gen. Butterfield who had withdrawn his men only when ordered, although he had made the attack at that point and in the advance, a shell struck the ground some twenty feet from us, and in its ricochet passed over our heads. I instinctively dodged, and my horse sprang forward. The General did not move a muscle until he smiled as he remarked, that his horse was too accustomed to those things to be disturbed by them. A moment after another shell knocked a wagon to pieces close by. The fragments were taken out of the road and the train moved on undisturbed. I recalled the scene at this crossing of the same place a year ago, after that battle and knew that this was no panic.

Riding on toward Centreville, which is six miles from the field, about midway I met Franklin's corps, which, having learned the position of affairs, that the whole army was retiring to Centreville—was on the point of retracing its steps—I marched with it to Centreville. Richardson's division and Kimball's brigade of Sumner's corps arrived here during the night from Alexandria, and this morning Sedgwick's division, being the balance of the same corps, is coming in from Arlington Heights.

Altogether the position appears favorable. Those two corps comprised not less than 30,000 veteran soldiers, under the best of the Peninsula Generals. Beside those there is Banks's corps, 10,000 strong, which must be somewhere in the neighborhood, for I do not credit the rumor that he is cut off, though he may have been forced to destroy his trains. This last conjecture is strengthened by heavy explosions having been heard in the direction of Manassas Junction last night. It is estimated this morning that, at least, 50,000 men of these engaged Friday and Saturday are still in their ranks. Add to all these bodies 25,000 newly-volunteered men, which have been ordered here from Washington, and there is a total of over 100,000 ready, within twenty-four hours, to meet the enemy—that number exclusive of Banks.

The army engaged yesterday is understood to be concentrating here, though much of it camped but little this side of Bull Run, and has not yet come up. I take it there will be no fighting to-day; the enemy will not attack us here. But I do take it that we shall advance before three days.

A gentleman just in from Washington reports that

it is rumored there that a large Rebel force is marching up the valley with the design of penetrating Maryland. There need be no fears of anything of the sort. We have their whole force in front of us and fought Jackson, Ewell, and A. P. Hill Friday forenoon, the same, with the addition of Longstreet, Friday afternoon, and all these with Lee and the entire Rebel force Saturday. They still need every man they can muster to oppose Pope, who is not the man to be held on the defensive by a portion of their army. I repeat, Pope will resume the offensive before they have time for any such maneuvers.

A few incidents, and I must go to bed—in a clover field. Among the last episodes on Friday was a charge of the Harris cavalry, simultaneous with the advance of Hatch and Doubleday, where our left was being sharply pressed. Led by Lieut-Col. Kilpatrick, 500 men charged straight up the road into the very teeth of the enemy's position. How they struggled was seen by no one, for no eye could penetrate the gathering darkness, thicker for clouds of smoke and dust. But one-fourth of them were of the unretrounging brave, and the contest was of but twenty minutes' duration. The regiment was engaged again on Saturday, with considerably loss.

At one time in the early part of Friday, Hampton's Pittsburgh Battery, attached to Schurz's Division, by some changing of commands was left unengaged just as it was charged upon. Grape at short range twice repelled the assailants, but three cannoneers, as many horses, and one gun were disabled. The third time the Rebels were seen advancing, Capt. Hampton gave the order to limber up. The disabled gun remained with the enemy. Gen. Sigel highly commended the battery.

While stretched upon the ground, behind the crest of a hill, and watching Rebel shells pass over me, I noticed that a part of them went pitching through the air "end over end," starting and tumbling but never exploding, while others I could scarcely see, but they seemed to go small end first, and the sound was a whistle, not so ragged as that of the others. Afterward I found that the former were pieces of railroad iron. The enemy must be short of decent projectiles, is the logical deduction. I may remark here that I discovered my position to be unsafe some time before I discovered a safe way of getting out of it.

Gen. Sigel's Chief of Ordnance is Capt. Uriah Dahlgren, son of the Commodore of that name. I hope he came safely out of yesterday's battle, for a more gallant officer or one more capable for that position is not in the service. Gen. Sigel, who believes that artillery should be made to fight battles, and himself knows how to use it, seemed to rely upon his youthful aide more than upon all others. He spoke on Friday night of two batteries that held a forlorn hope, if the term may be applied to a dangerous and important position, as having fought their pieces with cool audacity. They were Capt. Hampton's, mentioned above, and Capt. Roemer's.

Hooker's and Kearney's Division fought bitterly and lost heavily on Friday, but were scarcely engaged on Saturday.

Col. Brown of the 20th Indiana, whose name you will see among the killed, and whose loss will be felt not more by his friends at home than by his soldiers and commanders in the army.

Gen. Stevens, better known as ex-Governor of Washington Territory and Chairman of the Breckinridge National Committee, led his division with consummate skill and coolness, had a horse killed under him, and won golden opinions.

I have in my mind a hundred and more who deserve notice, but I must forbear and sleep. C. A. F.

From Our Special Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, Sunday, 10 a. m., August 31, 1862.

Up to an early hour this morning the Government had received no dispatches from the battle-field of a later date than that of Gen. Pope, written at five o'clock yesterday morning, which was telegraphed you yesterday afternoon, and that from General McDowell claiming "a complete victory" on the old battle-ground, which was dated at about the same time.

This absence of intelligence was regarded as ominous, since good news travels fast, and since our direct communications being open, we are not more than seven hours distant from Manassas Junction. Distant firing was heard yesterday afternoon and late in the evening, but it was impossible to judge from the sound whether it was approaching or receding from Washington—whether our brave troops were advancing or retreating.

Whatever way the truth lay, the fighting was evidently going on at points not many miles distant from the scene of Wednesday's and Thursday's conflicts. These apprehensions were confirmed by a courier who arrived at Gen. Halleck's headquarters this morning with the news that Gen. Pope had fallen back in order to Centreville.

A staff officer who left the field of battle yesterday afternoon at five o'clock gives the following account of Gen. Pope's operations from Thursday to Saturday night.

The account is clear, connected, and intelligible. The battle commenced on Thursday at five o'clock in the afternoon, and has lasted without intermission except from darkness.

The conflict took place near and south of Stone Bridge, on the old Manassas battle field.

Jackson's forces were estimated at 30,000.

On Friday morning Jackson undoubtedly succeeded in effecting a junction with Longstreet. It is considered certain also that large portions of the Rebel army succeeded in uniting with their freshly-arrived forces, and either on Friday or Saturday probably its main columns arrived on the battle-field either through Thoroughfare Gap or from the north, by a road leading from Aldie Gap.

The battle was opened Friday morning by our assault, Sherman's battery commencing the contest. Sigel's line of battle was formed with Gen. Schurz on the right, Gen. Schenck on the left, and Gen. Steinwehr in the center and as a reserve. These are Sigel's three division commanders.

Gen. Milroy, with his independent brigade, led the advance.

The enemy were pushed gradually but steadily back till about 11 in the afternoon. The enemy then suddenly and fiercely advanced in a bayonet charge against Milroy, who was compelled to fall back.

Gen. Schenck sent forward a brigade to support Milroy, but both were driven back, and lost severely. Milroy's command was so badly cut up that he could not gather a regiment.

Gen. Schurz meanwhile was fighting in the woods with the greatest determination and courage, and, though losing heavily, holding his ground and handling his troops with the greatest skill. Gen. Steinwehr supported him.

On the left of Schenck heavy masses of rebel troops appeared and that General sent for re-enforcements. Stevens's and Reynolds's divisions were ordered up to his support, but all were driven back.

The result of the fighting on Friday was, in substance, that the enemy had at first been driven about two miles, but subsequently meeting heavy re-enforcements, and in their turn attacking, recovered a mile of the ground they had lost.

Our troops rested at night a mile in advance of the position where the battle had begun in the morning. The division of Gen. Steinwehr, which had acted partly as a reserve, was engaged in supporting Schurz, and most effectively handled.

Saturday, the battle was more general. Heintzelman, Porter, McDowell, Sigel, and Reno were engaged. The day was spent until 5 o'clock in massing troops, deploying, and maneuvering.

Heintzelman, commanding the right, attacked at

three with Reno's corps, holding his own in reserve.

Porter moved forward in the center at the same time. Porter's advance was at once met and checked by immense masses of the enemy's infantry, and almost at the same moment became exposed to an enfilading fire of grape and canister.

The troops endured this with heroic bravery for more than an hour. An officer who watched them with his glass, says he could see the ground strewn with fallen ranks of dying and dead.

Finally they broke and fell back in disorder. The enemy advanced his batteries rapidly, and poured in a storm of shot and shell upon these confused and flying masses.

The left wing was completely beaten, and the battle became seriously endangered.

McDowell then advanced in support, and endeavored to hold the center and left, but his movements were anticipated by the enemy, and he was enveloped by the Rebels on their right, and outmaneuvered at all points.

Then Sigel came out, and his qualities as a soldier became more than ever conspicuous. Riding everywhere over the field, he brought up his brigades successively to their position, and held them at the front while the tide of fugitives poured by.

Large bodies of McDowell's troops broke and retreated in disorder, making pell-mell across Bull Run.

At 5 in the afternoon the battle was going heavily against us. Gen. Pope had ordered up and into the fight the last of his reserves, Sigel's corps, and was still endeavoring to retrieve the day; but along the Centreville road, artillery, infantry, wagons, and cavalry were mingled together in confusion, and all falling to the rear. Our right remained comparatively firm, and prevented the enemy from following up his advantage. Indeed, the last of the crossing of Bull Run was in perfect order, protected by the right, which passed over last, and by 8 o'clock the stream was crossed, and the enemy troubled us only by a few shells. We were falling back to Centreville.

Franklin with his whole corps was between Stone Bridge and Centreville, and pressing on.

Sumner with his corps was close behind, between Centreville and Fairfax Court-House, urging his troops forward at their greatest speed.

Gen. McClellan is universally and bitterly blamed for this reverse. If his troops had been sent forward when they were ordered, Pope would have not have been compelled to fight with half his army against the whole Rebel force.

Sumner and Franklin, who only reached the field last night, too late for the fight, should have been there three days ago.

McClellan was three times ordered to move and refused, and by a general order this morning is removed from the command of all troops, except those remaining in Alexandria.

When applied to by Gen. Pope on Friday to send supplies to his starving army, he returned word that he would not send them unless Pope sent a cavalry escort for the trains. And at this time all McClellan's forces were held idle at Alexandria.

Gen. Schenck, who fought most bravely and skillfully, is badly wounded—right arm shattered by a grape shot. He will probably lose it.

Gen. Sigel is reported killed.

Col. Cantwell, 8th Ohio, killed.

Citizens are summoned to the field as nurses for the wounded. Government has taken possession of all the public carriages to convey them to the battlefield. Many went last night and this morning.

Five hundred Rebel prisoners are at Fairfax Station awaiting transportation to Washington. They concern in saying, as does information from all other sources, that the whole Rebel army was engaged under Gen. Lee's command.

Numbers as one of them set at less than one hundred and fifty thousand, and many estimated them at two hundred or three hundred thousand. The prisoners also all say that they were promised an easy and speedy march into Washington. They were certainly to be there within a week.

Jackson was the advanced guard of the grand army and was engaged alone the first day, Jackson and Longstreet the second, and Jackson, Longstreet, and Lee the third and fourth.

An immense number of our men were wounded in the arm or shoulder; heretofore the major part of the wounds of our men were in the legs. So says the staff officers, whose account of the battle we have given above.

He says, also, that although many of our men left the battle-field unaccountably, they were perfectly cool, and replied to questions that they were on their way to join their regiments. He adds that there was nothing that could be called demoralization or panic.

Gen. Halleck, we are happy to hear, praises Gen. Sigel without stint. He fought for seven out of eight days continuously. Gen. Schurz's conduct is also very highly spoken of.

Gen. Pope's dispatches to-day are all hopeful. Gen. McClellan's unfavorable. The latter, however, is a long distance from the field.

The order from the War Department, taking from Gen. McClellan the command in Virginia, to which by seniority of rank he was entitled, and which rumor had already assigned him, bears date yesterday, and has a history.

Gen. McClellan's friends admit that he doesn't understand the value of time, and the events of this week have proved, at least, the truthfulness of this statement. As long ago as Wednesday, he received an order to advance the corps of Gen. Franklin to the support of Gen. Pope. He sent an excuse to the effect that it was impossible to do so, for lack of transportation and supplies. On Thursday night the order was repeated, and the time to march fixed at 6 o'clock, Friday morning.

At a late hour that morning the President believed and stated to visitors that this column had moved. But the discovery was shortly afterward made that Gen. Franklin was still in Alexandria. At 2 o'clock on Friday afternoon the order was for the third time issued, but at 4 Gen. McClellan telegraphed that he had countermanded it, because he judged it unsafe to deprive Alexandria and Washington of the protection of this corps.

On Friday night they moved, but were stopped by McClellan at Annapolis, about seven miles from Alexandria, and within sound of the enemy's guns, for the alleged reason that it was unsafe to advance. Yesterday they at last moved, but for three days the march was delayed—three days! during which Gen. Pope was fighting against terrible odds.

Another act by Gen. McClellan meets with equally sharp criticism. Gen. Pope sent to him from the battle-field a request that he would forward him immediately forage for his horses and food for his men.

Gen. McClellan returned an answer to the effect that he would be happy to comply with Gen. Pope's suggestion if he would send a cavalry escort. This story seems incredible, but it is much more than a rumor.

Gen. McClellan's Headquarters is still in the vicinity of Alexandria.

The following is the order referred to above.

WAR DEPARTMENT, Aug. 30, 1862.

Gen. Burnside commands his own corps, except those that have been temporarily detached and assigned to Gen. Pope.

Gen. McClellan commands that portion of the Army of the Potomac that has not been sent forward to Gen. Pope's command.

Gen. Pope commands the Army of Virginia and all the forces temporarily attached to it.

All the forces are under command of Maj. Gen. Halleck, General-in-Chief.

E. D. TOWNSEND, Assistant Adjutant-General.

We may add that while on the Peninsula for two weeks Gen. McClellan disobeyed Gen. Halleck's orders, delaying for that length of time after he received his directions to embark his troops for Aquia Creek and Alexandria, with the object of meeting the attack which has now been made.

From Our Special Correspondent.

ALEXANDRIA, Aug. 29, 1862.

At the present moment 50,000 Rebels under the command of Jackson and Ewell, seem to have been caught. The battle is still raging, however, and from the top of the Mansion House in this city the roar of artillery can be constantly heard. Sumner has just sent in for a million rounds of ammunition. Shot, shell, and bullets in immense quantities are on the way to Centreville, and it is to be hoped before night, will